

LISTEN

Written by  
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FADE IN ON:

**EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT**

An animatronic WITCH cackles at the doorstep.

WITCH  
Come here, my little pretties!

The exact opposite occurs. The door flings open and vomits:  
HALLOWEEN PARTIERS - Aliens, monsters and ghouls.

SAMANTHA (30s, dressed as Dorothy from the Wizard of Oz)  
passes out plastic pumpkins filled with treats.

TIGERMAN holds out a paw.

SAMANTHA  
Good kitty. Here's your goodie bag.  
Catnip and Junior Mints inside!

A drunken HARRY POTTER stumbles out. Samantha grabs his arm.

SAMANTHA  
Harry, don't forget your wand!

"Harry" blushes, takes the prop.

HARRY  
Thanks. Good you found that before  
I got home.

Samantha grins, whispers in his ear.

SAMANTHA  
You've had enough Witches' Brew.  
Please hail a cab, not your broom!

Harry links arms with a ROBOT. Guests wander to the curb.

Behind Samantha, KIRK (30s, dressed as the Cowardly  
Scarecrow) looms.

KIRK  
I can think of *better* things to do  
with that wand, little girl!

Samantha swings around, scowls.

SAMANTHA  
Not now, Kirk. I'm not in the mood!

Sam storms inside, slams the door.

**INT. SUBURBAN HOME - LIVING ROOM**

Past a maze of Halloween decorations. Spiderwebs. Haunted mirrors. A fog machine works overtime. For this party, Sam and Kirk clearly went all out.

In the mist: a HIGH PITCHED SCREAM.

Kirk jumps. Sam - strangely - does not.

Straw flopping in his face, Kirk trails his pissed off wife.

KIRK

Sam, what's wrong with you? Weren't we just having fun?

SAMANTHA

You were. I was not!

KIRK

This party was your big idea.

SAMANTHA

Is that your big excuse to leave me to play hostess, cleaning up?

She scoops up a filled Black Cat Ashtray with glowing eyes. It YOWLS - betraying a motion detector inside.

Kirk grabs a bottle of wine labeled "Blood." Gulps some down.

KIRK

Honey, that's not fair. I'm the one who led the decoration shopping spree.

SAMANTHA

And look how that turned out? These trinkets have no personality. No organic theme!

Kirk stabs a finger at the Black Cat ashtray.

KIRK

The stuff I wanted beat that!

**INT. OLDE CURIOSITY SHOP - FLASHBACK - EVENING**

**SUPER: Two nights ago**

Quaint and creepy, filled with curios. This place is real.

An entrance bell tinkles. Dressed in street clothes, Sam and Kirk slip inside. Samantha oohs and aahs at baubles.

Animal skins hang from walls. Books on Mysticism and Herbal Healing protrude from shelves.

SAMANTHA

This place; wow - it's different!

KIRK

See? I do my research right!

He zips over to the mummified SKULL of something, and pokes a curious finger in an eye socket.

KIRK

Damn. This prop feels almost real!

In the back: a frail, old woman opens a LOCKED DISPLAY, filled with dusty jars.

Spotting the couple, she abandons the case and approaches. TAP TAP, with her crooked cane.

Kirk smirks, already having fun.

KIRK

Who decorated this place, the Crypt-keeper him - or herself?

SAMANTHA

Shhhh! Don't insult the proprietor!

KIRK

What insult? This place is what we're looking for!

He flashes a smile at the old woman.

KIRK

Lady, my wife and I are throwing a Halloween party for the ages, and we want to do it *right* this year. Your place - well, it's ideally bizarre. How much for everything? We'll rent a truck. No expense spared!

Kirk laughs at his joke. The shopkeeper blinks, surprised.

OLD WOMAN

Pardon me? Eloise's Charm Shop isn't for sale.

SAMANTHA

Oh! You're Eloise?. Good to meet you. I'm -

Kirk steps forward, interrupts.

KIRK

What do you mean, "not for sale"?  
Is this a museum, or a shop?

Eloise pursues wrinkled lips.

OLD WOMAN

I sell things to those who need them. That is what my shop is for.

KIRK

Good. 'Cause I need a lot. For instance-

Kirk bounds over to the open curio case, and grabs a jar filled with a murky liquid. Inside, SOMETHING floats. A twisted, funky form.

SAMANTHA

Kirk -

OLD WOMAN

Don't touch that!

KIRK

Why not? This isn't a museum.

He squints at the container.

KIRK

What *is* this thing?

OLD WOMAN

Something you would not like to meet.

KIRK

Well, whatever you call it - it's got the perfect atmosphere. Quote a price, Eloise. How much for this thing-a-ma-bob?

OLD WOMAN

(hisses)

Too much for you. Put that down!

KIRK

Fine.

Kirk slams the jar down on the counter.

Samantha shoots him a "Behave" look, strolls over to a creepy China Doll.

SAMANTHA  
Honey, this would look smashing on  
the fireplace.

KIRK  
Possessed dolls are fucking cliché.  
No thanks!

OLD WOMAN  
Young man. Language!

KIRK  
Listen, uh...

OLD WOMAN  
I told you, my name is Eloise.

KIRK  
Eloise... right. I know you're  
strictly "old school". But clearly  
your business model needs work.

Rolling his eyes, Kirk hands over a card to the shopkeeper.

KIRK  
Here's my phone number. If at some  
point, you actually commit to  
making sales... Specifically that -  
(points at the jar)  
Gimme a call. We'll talk.

He drags Samantha towards the exit.

SAMANTHA  
Hey. I'm not done looking!

KIRK  
Screw this mummified excuse for  
small business. The party's in two  
days. We don't have much time!

Samantha squirms around and waves to Eloise.

SAMANTHA  
I'm sorry. And I think this place  
is charming!

With that, the two are gone.

Eloise stares down at the counter. Spotting a puddle, her face darkens. Thanks to Kirk, the jar's cracked.

OLD WOMAN  
(mutters to herself)  
Young woman, you are much welcome.  
But your husband... needs to  
change.

**INT. SUBURBAN HOME - LIVING ROOM - PRESENT**

Samantha shakes the Black Cat Ashtray in Kirk's scarecrow face. It YOWLS again.

SAMANTHA  
Thanks to you, we ended up buying  
at Party City. In bulk!

KIRK  
It worked out in the end, didn't  
it? I mean, we weren't getting  
anywhere with Ms. I-Blend-Into-My-  
Own-Antiques!

He runs over to a prop of Jason, revs the chainsaw.

Hears a SCREAM. Turns it off.

KIRK  
Uh, what was that?

SAMANTHA  
What was what?

KIRK  
That. I heard a scream. Didn't you?

SAMANTHA  
Over that stupid prop? Not a thing.

Kirk shrugs. Shoots Jason a "let's talk" look.

KIRK  
Women. Do you understand them J-  
ball? I don't.

A sudden grin splits his face.

KIRK  
And what's so "dumb" about Jason?  
He was the most popular guy  
tonight! Look at all the selfies!

Kirk scrolls through his phone, flashes Samantha a picture of Jason surrounded by WOMEN in "naughty" costumes.

Samantha's face sours even more than Eloise.

SAMANTHA

Don't remind me about her!

She stabs a finger at a buxom BLONDE dressed like a Nurse.

Storms into the kitchen without another word.

**INT. SUBURBAN HOME - KITCHEN - PRESENT**

Gathering paper plates, cups and other junk, Samantha sweeps them off a counter, into trash.

Kirk wanders into the kitchen. This tiff's just begun.

KIRK

Now what crawled up your butt and died?

SAMANTHA

You. Flirting with you-know-who!

KIRK

With Jason? Are you nuts?

SAMANTHA

No. Remember your famous "blood pudding recipe"?

**INT. SUBURBAN HOME - KITCHEN - FLASHBACK**

Wearing latex gloves, Kirk massages jello "body parts" into a bowl of "blood pudding." Grossed out GUESTS gather 'round.

Samantha and Kirk's present-day bickering narrates:

KIRK (O.S.)

What does "flirting" have to do with that? Everyone was there!

"Harry Potter" pokes the pudding with his wand.

Naughty Blonde Nurse peeks over Kirk's shoulder.

NAUGHTY NURSE

Ewww. Gross!



KIRK  
Don't knock it 'til you try it.  
It's kinda zen. Here - you try!

Kirk pulls Naughty Nurse forward, slips her slip on gloves.

The bimbo plunges reluctant fingers into goo. Smiles with unexpected delight.

NAUGHTY NURSE  
OMG. That's soooo warm!

KIRK  
Yep. But you gotta massage the  
pudding harder, to break up powder  
chunks. Here, lemme help out.

Grinning, Kirk eases in behind Nurse - places his fingers over hers. Squeezes. A waaaay too sexual move.

Augmented by squishy pudding sounds.

Behind Kirk, a WITCH with a plastic nose stares.

Eventually, the crowd gets bored. Partygoers drift off.

Leaving Samantha a full view of Kirk's bizarre flirting.  
Betrayal flares in her eyes.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)  
What's her name, anyway? I don't  
even know who she was!

**INT. SUBURBAN HOME - KITCHEN - PRESENT**

Samantha angrily scours dishes.

KIRK  
Betsy. It's Betsy. Just - a girl  
from work.

SAMANTHA  
A "girl"? She's a woman.

KIRK  
Yeah, I know. But it's not like we  
were *kissing*. Listen, if you want  
to play paranoid, didn't you  
whisper in Harry Potter's ear?

SAMANTHA  
I told him not to drink and drive!

KIRK  
See? Both totally innocent  
interactions. You're reading into  
things. Again!

Grabbing Sam, Kirk hugs her. She struggles in his arms.

SAMANTHA  
You practically bent her over the  
counter, Kirk!

KIRK  
Give me a break! In front of  
everyone?

SAMANTHA  
So disrespectful. Even worse!

She boxes his head. Kirk howls. Grabs his ear, and lets go.

KIRK  
Ow!

Then stares at his hand. Sees BLOOD.

KIRK  
Careful with the fingernails.  
Violence is never the answer, Sam.

SAMANTHA  
Isn't it? What other options are  
there any more?

KIRK  
Let's just... talk it out.

Samantha storms off into the living room. Leaving Kirk in the  
kitchen, stunned.

Until he hears a SCREAM!

Jolted into action, he runs into...

# **INT. SUBURBAN HOME - LIVING ROOM**

And finds Samantha on the couch. Sucking down Red Wine blood.

KIRK  
Honey, what's wrong? I heard -

SAMANTHA  
Don't "honey" me, asshole!

She chucks a STYROFOAM AX at Kirk, hits him between the eyes.

KIRK

Now, that was uncalled for.  
Ineffective, too.

SAMANTHA

(bitter)

You want me to use this bottle?

KIRK

Given how much you're drinking? You  
probably won't throw straight!

With a sigh, he drops down on the couch. Pulls Sam close.  
Grabs the remote.

For a moment, Sam resists. Then sobs.

KIRK

Sweetie, I don't mind you're  
jealous. Even though you're dead  
wrong, that's a compliment you  
still care.

SAMANTHA

Kirk, I need -

KIRK

What you need is to stop worrying,  
and just trust me. Nothing's going  
on between me and Betsy. You're the  
only Dorothy in my life.

#### **INT. SUBURBAN HOME - LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK**

GIRLS goof with the Jason mannequin. They squeeze Jason's  
butt. Take selfies. Shoot Rabbit ears behind the hockey mask.

Nurse Betsy and Kirk slip away from the crowd. To the -

#### **INT. SUBURBAN HOME - HALLWAY**

And kiss passionately.

"Robot Guy" passes by. The two blush, hide in artificial fog.

NAUGHTY NURSE

(giggles)

Stop it!

KIRK

Why? I thought you wanted this!

NAUGHTY NURSE

No, I mean the straw in your wig.  
It's tickling my ear!

**INT. SUBURBAN HOME - PRESENT DAY**

Kirk cuddles with sniffing Sam. Scarecrow and Dorothy; an adorable pair.

Surfing through channels, Kirk finds Bela Lugosi's *Dracula*.

KIRK

*This* is what we need to end the party on a good note! Classic horror. Just the two of us. Think of it as, uh, married date night?

Samantha stares at the screen. Then Kirk.

SAMANTHA

Just like that, everything's fine?

KIRK

You kidding? It's perfect. Relax!

Samantha shrugs, cuddles against Kirk's chest. Stress and alcohol lulls her to sleep. Kirk grins.

Flipping through his phone, he ogles pictures of Betsy.

KIRK

Oh, Nursie - that's one appointment I won't miss!

A PIERCING SCREAM. Kirk jumps. Samantha snores.

KIRK

What the fuck? Stupid horror movie.

Glaring at the TV, he scratches his still bleeding ear.

**INT. SUBURBAN HOME - KITCHEN - FLASHBACK**

Kirk and Nurse Betsy canoodle via pudding.

In between other PARTIERS, the witch with the plastic nose sidles up behind Kirk. Seen up close...

...it's Shopkeeper Eloise! The old woman lightly grazes Kirk's costume.

OLD WOMAN  
(whispers)  
Be free. Go and feed!

Something SMALL wiggles under the fabric. Moves slowly up Kirk's shirt...

**INT. KITCHEN - PRESENT**

The trash is full. Under an avalanche of bottles and cups, peeks an EMPTY JAR. The label on the outside reads:

"Brain eating screamer worms. Do not touch!"

**INT. SUBURBAN HOME - LIVING ROOM - PRESENT**

Onscreen, Bela Lugosi intones:

BELA LUGOSI (O.S.)  
I do not drink... wine.

Kirk does. Drains the "Blood" bottle dry. In his lap, Samantha twitches - nightmares that won't leave her alone.

Another SCREAM pierces the night. Not from the TV. Where?

Kirk shakes his head, stares at the red wine bottle.

KIRK  
A hangover already? Damn!

In between the blood-spattered straw of Kirk's scarecrow wig, SOMETHING worm-shaped moves!

Inside Kirk's ear: more worms SCREAM; and burrow hungrily into his brain...

FINAL FADE OUT: